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THE THREE HUNTERS.

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AN IMPROMPTU POEM.

—:O:—

BY "SNIDER."

W. H. Bullen
—:O:—

*Proceeds to go to the Funds of the
Irish Orphan's Bazaar.*

—:O:—

Ottawa, November, 1869.

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THE THREE HUNTERS.

1890

—:—
(An Impromptu Poem,)

—:—
BY SNIDER.
—

sampled
~~Three~~ Three hunters bold—Jack, Jim and Joe,
Well-meaning men and kind,
Set out to chase the buck and doe,
Or what, else they could find.

'Twas not so much for sport they went,
As to procure some food ;
They started with the best intent,
And in a cheerful mood.

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A lack of meat in camp was there,
The three, with one acclaim,
Appointed at a meeting were,
To scour the woods for game.

Jack he was rich and somewhat proud,
Jim trod the middle way,
Joe he was poorest of the "crowd,"
But light of heart and gay.

In beaver meadow squatted Joe,
Loud with the croak of frogs ;
Seldom wander'd there the roe,
But chipmuks frisk'd on logs.

To hazel vale Jim bent his way,
Where 'mong moss-cover'd rocks,
Close-couched in fern rabbits lay,
And pidgeon came in flocks.

Upon a mountain's gentle slope,
Jack took his higher stand,
Where bounded deer and antelope—
His trusty gun in hand.

Thus Jack, and Jim, and little Joe,
Well-meaning men and kind,
Set out to hunt the buck and doe,
Or what else they could find.

No thought had they of rivalry—
 To beat each other blind—
 No selfish motives fired the three,
 But motives good and kind.

They did not hie into the wood,
 In quest of empty fame ;
 They sought t' accomplish gen'ral good,
 By bagging plenty game.

At least, such seem'd the frame of mind,
 In which they sallied forth,
 And those who patient stay'd behind,
 Wish'd them the best of sport.

But, true for Ovid : after all
 Queer animal is man ;
 And always has been since the fall—
 Aye, since the world began.

Not many days till Jim met Joe,
 As he was hunting round,
 In quest of buck and bounding doe,
 And lectur'd him right sound.

Jack, too, came up with kind of swag,
 But look exceeding blue,
 And showing Joe an empty bag,
 Said, " this is due to you."

Jim, too, in disconted hour,
 Made pitiable wail,
 'Bout "stragglers," to Mr. Power—
 The owner of the vale.

'Tis sad to tell—yes very sad, .
 The hunters jealous got ;
 Jim at Joe's luck grew tearing mad,
 And Jack waxed rather hot.

Joe killed 'a deer in hazel vale,
 Jim only shot a hare ;
 On Mountain side Joe bagg'd a quail,
 And Jack but *saw* a bear.

The beaver meadow yielding naught,
 Joe, for the gen'ral good,
 Said to himself, " I think I ought
 Betake me to the wood."

And to the wood and hazel shade
 Straight way the road he took,
 For which—as I've already said—
 He was " brought to the book."

For Jack and Jim intent on fame,
 Wish'd all the game to slay ,
 And swore for Joe, it was a shame
 On their " preserves " to stray.

Forgetful that appointed they
 To seek provisions were,
 For those in camp who anxious lay,
 Where meat was none to spare.

That they to vie were not sent out,
 Nor beats select to found ;
 But each was free to roam about,
 Where game did most abound.

Forgetful, too, that what they shot,
 On mountain, mead, or "braes,"
 Was for the empty camp fire pot,
 And not for vulgar praise.

Thus did the hunters quite forget
 They shot for common good,
 And prov'd themselves a jarring set,
 While hunting in the wood.

That "not a tail" had Jim and Joe,
 Had pleasure been to Jack,
 Had he but shot a stately doe,
 To lug upon his back.

And so I'm sure was it with Jim,
 A snap he did not care,—
 The fellow was so full of whim,
 How Jack and Joe might fare.

And as for Joe—and little blame—
 He'd only have been proud,
 Had he himself bagg'd all the game—
 Been champion of the "crowd."

Alas ! that children of the chase,
 Well-meaning men and kind,
 Within so very brief a space,
 Had grown so very blind.

That they did not in spirit fair,
 From jealous feeling free,
 Together hunt both buck and bear,
 Wherever they might be.

When from the wood the hunters came,
 And to the camp retired,
 Each with his share of captur'd game—
 And hope of praise inspired,

He who the largest share had shot,
 Expected great applause ;
 But, finding he received it not,
 Much wondered at the cause.

The cause was this—a just one too—
 'Tis well it should be told,
 That those who hunt, (for praise to sue),
 Henceforth may not be "sold."

Jack did the very best he could,
Likewise did Jim and Joe,
While they were hunting in the wood,
After the buck and doe.

And if, when from the field they came,
Unequal spoils they bore,
To greatest laud, who had most game,
Had hurt the others sore.

And hence the cause—the just one too—
Why praise none more was there,
For him, a fatted deer who slew,
Than he who shot a hare.

And this is how it should have been,
Where all for common good,
While on the mount or meadow green,
Did 'very best they could.

This simple tale is simply told,
And prove a guide it should,
In future times to huntsmen bold,
Who shoot for common good.

That when together they unite,
To scour both hill and dale,
Their *object* they should not lose sight,
And at each other rail.

That selfish motives—ever low—
Suppress'd should ever be,
When hunters chase the buck and doe,
Led on by char-i-ty.

Ottawa, November 22nd, 1869.

A decorative flourish consisting of a central oval frame with elegant, symmetrical scrollwork extending outwards to the left and right.

THE END.

